the Senior Girl Scout Challenge, as well as design and implement a Girl Scout Gold Award service project. A plan for fulfilling these requirements is created by the Senior Girl Scout and is carried out through close cooperation between the girl and an adult Girl Scout volunteer.

The named Girl Scouts provided the following community services for their Gold Award projects:

Miss Cady completed a beautification project involving landscaping and painting at Carolyn Park Elementary School.

Miss Claverie produced an extensive resource guide for recycled crafts and environmental awareness.

Miss Cancienne developed a resource booklet on disability awareness including an activities box.

Miss James founded a chapter of Students Against Drunk Driving (SADD) at Benjamin Franklin High School.

Miss O'Flynn designed an equestrian competition for disabled children.

Miss Raborn educated her community about exchange student programs and her family hosted two exchange students.

Misses Adams, Cummins, Reites and Schiffman were a team for a restoration project of Storyland at City Park.

I believe these Girl Scouts should receive the public recognition due them for their significant services to their communities and to their country.●

UNNATURAL CONDITIONS SET STAGE FOR NATURAL DISASTER

● Mr. KYL. Mr. President, I ask that the following newspaper article be printed in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

The article follows:

UNNATURAL CONDITIONS SET STAGE FOR NATURAL DISASTER

[From the Tribune, May 17, 1996]

(By Sherry Boss)

FLAGSTAFF—Peter Fule walks through the past and finds comfort there.

He is safe in a stand of 400-year-old ponderosas. Wildfire is unlikely to touch this 8 acres of forest north of Flagstaff. Fule and his colleagues have restored it to the way it was in 1876 in hopes of learning a lesson.

The wind is gusty here and rain a stranger—perfect conditions for a sweeping blaze like the one that ravaged 61,000 acres at Four Peaks this month.

But unlike most of Arizona's forests this one is not a tinderbox at the mercy of a cigarette butt or car engine spark, said Fule, a senior research specialist at Northern Arizona University's School of Forestry.

The grass under Fule's feet and the ample distance between trees in peace of mind.

One day in 1994, students and employees for NAU, the U.S. Forest Service and the logging industry sawed down more than 7,000 new trees in the Fort Valley Experimental Forest, short eight miles north of Flagstaff. All that remains now are the 480 pines that were standing in pre-settlement days. Workers brought the density down from more than 1,000 trees per acre to 62—closer to the way it was before cattle disturbed the forest's ecosystem.

''It was a neat feeling to see this being done and see the new forest emerging,'' Fule said.

If lightning were strike here now, short flames would creep along the forest floor. The fire would consume grass, twigs and pine needle litter. The flames would singe tree trunks, but wouldn't get hot enough to kill the towering pines. Then, when there was no grass left to burn, the flames would go out.

That's the way it was for hundreds of years. Fire was friendly to the forest, Fule said. It cleared out scraggly brush and new saplings every few years, allowing the older trees to thrive without competition for water and light.

But this is the forest of the past.

Today, national forests like Arizona's Coconino, Kaibab and Apache-Sitgreaves are much different places. They're so dense with spindly young pines, forestry experts call the cluster of trees ''dog-hair ticktets.''

Fire in those tickets equals almost certain destruction. The trees of different sizes form stair steps for the fire to climb to the largest pines.

That's why, forestry experts say, Arizona is at risk of the worst wildfires this millenium.

Never before has there been such accumulation of fire fuel. Add to that some of the driest weather in recorded history and the danger is extreme.

Years of ecological disturbance have brought the West's forests to this point, Fule said.

The trouble started in Arizona in 1883 when the transcontinental railroad was finished. The state was connected. People arrived. They brought cows.

The lush grass and wildflowers on the forest floors were perfect for grazing. Cows ate to the bare ground.

With the grass gone, the fires stopped. When pines dropped their seeds, they took root. The trees grew in thick, but not very big. There wasn't enough water for any one tree to thrive. Now, when a spark hits the thickets, the world forest is doomed.

''If a fire came through this year, this tree would almost certainly die,'' Fule said of a ponderosa that has stood for at least 300 years. ''Not only this one, but all its neighbors.''

What took hundreds of years for nature to build could be destroyed in minutes, he said.

For most of this century, the U.S. Forest Service's policy was to put out fires. Fule said. That policy interrupted nature's long-term plans, he said.

''People have always wanted to control nature and remake it for human needs and human goals,'' he said.

Years of fire suppression policy led to the devastating Lone fire at four Peaks 35 miles east of Phoenix, said Julie Stromberg, associate research professor at Arizona State University's Center for Environmental Studies. Fires have been put out as soon as they start, allowing the vegetation to accumulate.

''If you don't do frequent burns or controlled burns, you're going to have a catastrophic fire,'' Stromberg said.

The problem isn't easily solved now. It's too late to let nature take its course, Fule said. There's no choice but to put out forest fires, he said.

''If all the fire crews walked away, by tomorrow, the whole state would be in flames,'' he said.

Fule hopes the solution lies in a combination of cutting and burning.

Official will start a fire every three years in the cleared-out experimental forest to imitate the natural fire cycle that occurred between 1630 and 1876.

A similar cut-and-burn project is under way on a larger scale at Mount Turmbull on 3,700 acres north of the Grand Canyon.

But thinning out the forest is controversial. Some people are so accustomed to thick forests, they believe that's the way they should be. Some are partial to the kinds of wildlife the thickets attract, too.

But as the Lone fire proved, nature has a vengeance when it's disturbed.

''The natural area (becomes) so unnatural in its density and fuel accumulation, it begins to present a hazard,'' Fule said.●

CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF DICK CLURMAN

Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, yesterday morning, May 20, 1996, ''a gathering to celebrate the life of Dick Clurman'' took place at the Beth-El Chapel of the Temple Emanu-El in New York City. William F. Buckley, Jr. led off with a wonderfully moving tribute, which ended, ''It will require the balance of my own lifetime to requite what he gave to me.'' He was followed by Osborn Elliott, a lifelong friend and fellow journalist. There followed equally singular tributes from Harry Evans, H.D.S. Greenway, David Halberstam, Phyllis Newman, who sang a Gershwin tune, Hugh Sidey, Mike Wallace, Barbara Walters, and then the Clurman family. Rabbi Richard S. Chapin and Cantor Howard Nevison provided liturgy and liturgical music.

It was indeed a life to celebrate and to remember. I ask that Mr. Buckley's and Mr. Elliott's remarks be printed in the RECORD, along with a fine obituary by Lawrence Van Gelder which appeared in the New York Times.

The material follows:

REMARKS BY WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR. AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR RICHARD M. CLURMAN

Three years ago, one evening in July, he asked whether I'd cross the ocean again in 1995, what would have been the fifth such venture, done at five-year intervals beginning in 1975. ''I'm prepared to go,'' he told me. I suppose I smiled; it was dark on the veranda when he spoke. I told him I doubted my crew could be mobilized for one more such trip, and just the right crew was indispensable. He had done with me two Atlantic crossings, one Pacific crossing. He was an instant celebrity for his ineptitudes at sea, done in high spirit with a wonderful, persistent incomprehension of what was the job at hand. He was the object of hilarious ridicule in my son's published journal—and he loved it all, even as Christopher loved him; even when, while discoursing concentratedly on matters of state, he would drop his cigarette ash into Christopher's wine glass, or very nearly set fire in the galley when trying to light the stove. He thrived on the cheerful raillery of his companions, but on one occasion thought to say to me, in a voice unaccustomedly low, ''I'm good at other things.''

He hardly needed to remind me. Yes, and from everything he was good at he drew lessons, little maxims of professional and extra-professional life of great cumulative impact, instantly imparted to all his friends, at the least suggestion from them, or from their situation, that they needed help, or instruction. It is awesome to extrapolate from one's own experience of his goodness the sum of what he did for others.

When Oz Elliott, on Shirley's behalf, asked me to say something today I went right to my desk but I found it impossible to imagine his absence from the scene. Was it true that there would be no message from him tomorrow on our E-mail circuit? That we would